

Harvest Day' is a young boy in the new English colony in America during the time of King Charles II. He makes friends with the Indians and becomes a blood brother to Chief Black Crow. But by the time Harvest has grown to manhood, a bloodthirsty struggle is on between the settlers and the Indians, led by King Philip and his right hand man, Annawan. Harvest is a witness of every move in the campaign up to the last dawn raid in which Annawan is brought to bay.

•HARVEST

*Books by Robert Payne*

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RED LION INN  
THE WANTON NYMPH  
GENERAL MARSHALL  
THE FATHERS OF THE WESTERN CHURCH  
THE EMPEROR  
HARVEST

# HARVEST

*by*

Robert Payne



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WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD  
MELBOURNE :: LONDON :: TORONTO

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN  
AT THE WINDMILL PRESS  
KINGSWOOD, SURREY

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## I. Indian Meadow

**EVEN** now I can see the green forests of maple and beech and fir and the great elms bending over the water, and how wild was the woodland in the days before we built the white clapboard houses on the little neck where the Connecticut river curves. In those days the woods were full of wild-towl and plump turkeys, all bronze and purple and blue, and the Indians lived in their birch wigwams on Indian Meadow, and they still came to us with presents—rattlesnake skins or heaps of corn, and anything else they thought we fancied. I remember how the young braves would lie out on the branches over the river and scoop up the creamy salmon in their hands, and the taste of the cooked fish as we sat round their fires, and the gleam of the coppery skins in the sun, and how we went hunting together after black bear and moose and deer and trapped wild wolves in the vines and sauntered deep in the forests along the winding trails. It's all over now. There's hardly an Indian left alive in New England. King Philip is dead, and so is Nanuntenoo, and all the young braves I used to play with. Black Crow lies dead in Frozen Swamp and beautiful Queen Weetamoo was found dead in the reeds of Mettapoissett, and they hacked off the head of old Annawan after we promised him his life. Only a short while ago the Indians called us 'friend' and welcomed us with beaver skins and grapes.